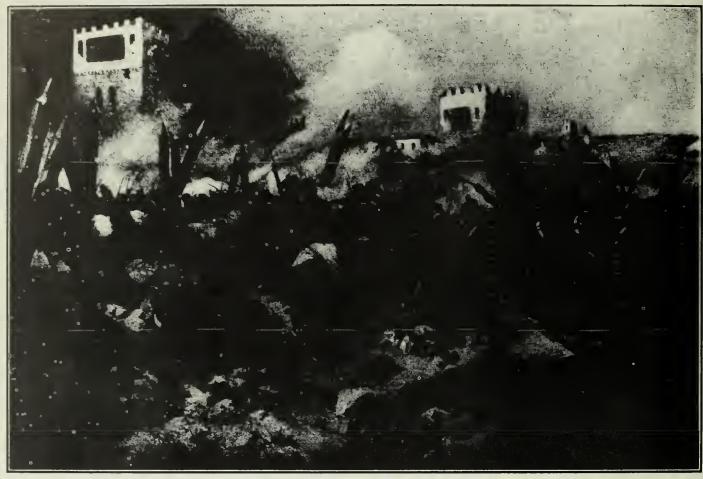


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SUMMER JOB OPPORTUNITIES



For ROTC Cadets

With the federal and revolutionary armies of Latin American banana republics through the R.O.T.C. program. Basic cadets may apply for temporary commissions as *tenientes* or lieutenants, advanced corps cadets or ex-Boy Scouts may apply for sergeants' billets. The program offers an adventurous three months (June to August) of vacation in the southern

hemisphere, similar to the Peace Corps, but different. Tropical climate, comfortable barracks, genial companions, whispering breezes and humming bullets provide a relaxed setting for recreational facilities such as hiking, riflery, camping, armored car driving, and dying. Prospective applicants may specify service with either the federal or revolutionary forces in a number of engaging little conflicts from Buenos Aires to the Bay of Pigs. Applicants are urged to keep in mind that, while pay and material comforts tend generally to be more dependable with the regular government establishment, there is always the chance of a sudden bonanza should your revolution triumph during the summer.

So get on the stick . . . the Big Stick . . . and see our local representative, Col. Akroyed at Fort Weaver, University of Mass., for additional information and get set for a travel and excitement filled vacation job. Start making up war stories for September now, and buy extra insurance.

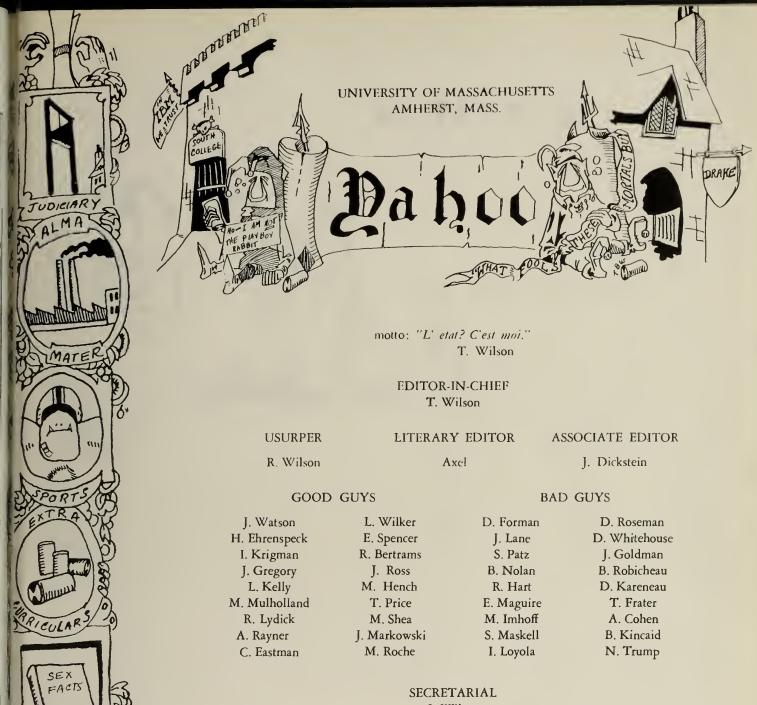
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Ena

Ya-Hoo is the official undergraduate humor magazine of the University of Massachusetts, published three times in the academic year 1961-62 by students of the University of Massachusetts. Subscription price is \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions may be obtained by writing to Ya-Hoo, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Massachusetts. Entered as third class matter at the Post Office in Amherst.



It has been a long four years for the editors but the time has at last come when the Administration thrusts baccalaureate degrees in the shape of little booklets looking more like passports than diplomas, upon us and pushes us out into the world. We can (shudder) work—provided we can find someone to hire a Lib Arts major-or, if we cannot face the world, we can go on to graduate school. If, after getting a Master's we still can't adjust we may return for a Doctorate. If we find ourselves still incompetent after that we can always teach. Should we discover that in addition to being inept we are also stupid, unimaginative, narrow and impossible to get along with, we may become administrators. Then we'd be on the other end of the humor magazine shaft, the other side of the anus, as 'twere.

Nonetheless we shall miss editing the Yahoo—there isn't a hell of a lot else to miss. It has been a fun filled four years that we, a distinct pseudointellectual segment of the campus, have captained the magazine's destiny. Years filled with having our assets frozen by an over-zelis Student Senate President, being fired by his successor, having the magazine abolished, having to wheedle money out of a Budgets Committee that would make Silas Marner look like Diamond Jim Brady and, upon the insistance of a bush-league Richelieu, having to send our copy to the Vatican for approval before publication. But we have heartily enjoyed this—we have \$170,000 worth of graft squirreled away in Swiss banks and an offer from the *Mademoiselle* staff to put out their August issue as a take off on Lampoon's take off on their July issue. Excelsior.

From the perspective of four years and our own insufferable conceit we should like, in our last issue, to recommend to your attention a few things which you shall have to continue living with.

Things like the Student 'Senate, that sterling example of the failure of the democratic system, which is largely composed of self important power-happy mediocrities. This institution ha proven to us that campus elections to anything are no more valid indexes of ability than is any other popularity poll.

We grant that such elections often separate the wheat from the chaff; our complaint is that the chaff is selected for office. The Senate has often asked what purpose Yahoo serves on campus; the obvious answer being that it provides an excuse—abused—for the Student Senate's existence. The truly responsible people in the Senate can be counted on the fingers of one hand—a hand that could be better used to make obscene gestures at the balance of the senators.

stu

One of the creations of this self styled legislature was the R.S.O.-Recognized Student Organizations-office to correlate and expedite the various student activities. The "Student" element in this institution was soon overwhelmed by the "Organization" element and now the Senate finds that the office which began as a Senate Subordinate is not merely dictating to the student organizations but to the Senate itself. Anyone doubting us can, if he wishes, simply review the feat of legislative legerdemain R.S.O. accomplished in the passage of the much debated "2.0" bill. We would be a

bit relieved had the Senators discovered this Frankenstien's monster to their dismay, but many haven't even discovered, much less dismayed. We wish the students well with their benevolent despot, although in all fairness we must admit that Ed Buck hardly resembles Porfirio Diaz at all.

Speaking of despotism, let's consider our Administration, specifically the naive belief of Messrs. Hunsberger and Woodside that the alternatives of "publish or perish; research or resign" which they offer a timid and thoroughly cowed faculty cannot hurt the University, (and more important, hurt us). In spite of our laughably low pay scale we have a few fairly intelligent professors here; we wonder what happens to them when they become deans. They either ignore or are ignorant of the unique purpose of a state university - to provide cheap, in-class, education for the children of lower income families. What happens to a dean's job when he has fired his teachers and therefore has lost his students, being left with only a staff of writers? We assume he can always open a publishing house. Perhaps even renting quite cheaply office space in one of the vacant buildings of what was once the University of Mass. We anticipate the appearance of "Woodside House" or "Hunsberger-Mifflen, Inc."

Happily, however, all our administrative problems may be solved in the traditional administrative way - by I.B.M. machines as President Lederle, perhaps to fill the gap left by his own indecisiveness, staffs the University with machinery (which is nearly always decisive, if nothing else.) The Administration, in what is rapidly becoming a campaign to overwhelm what shreds of individual initiative that society has left the student, has gone mechanized. Now that the Industrial Revolution has caught up with education it is necessary for the student to adapt himself to the new society, in

which he must live. He must mold himself into that form which offers the least resistance to the system flat and rectangular with punched holes.

And now we turn to our critics of the past four years; people truly unique among critics these individuals are distinguished in that their criticism is very seldom constructive. These selfappointed "arbiters of elegance" have been vociferous in their bitching that Yahoo is written by a power elite of three people who constitute a "distinct pseudo-intellectual segment of the campus." Anti-religious, antifraternity, anti-clerical, anti-Semitic, we have been the center of a storm of abuse after the publication of every issue. We have rather liked the attention. In fact when our last issue was universally well received we could not help but feel that we had somehow failed. It would have been much more worthwhile had some of our vociferous critics come down to the office and helped us write the mag. While we don't mind getting all the glory, we hate like hell to do all the work. In conclusion, we should like to refrain from any expression of bitterness of sarcasm towards these people who have been more hinderance than help to us, and have still loudly demanded more and better magazines; we should simply like to call their attention, as we leave, to the sprig of mistletoe stapled to our coattails.

The End

Passing through town on a business trip, a father decided to pay a surprise visit to his son at UMass. Pulling up in front of the fraternity house at 2 a.m., he pounded on the door until one of the brothers stuck his head out of an upstairs window.

"Does Michael Paltry live here?"

"Yeah; just dump him on the porch."

A disgruntled Muscovite was shuffling by Red Square, muttering to himself: "Those filthy, rotten, selfish, stinken, no-good, low-down swine . . ."

Suddenly he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and an NKVD officer said, "All right, come along with me. You're under arrest for treasonable utterances against the authorities."

"The authorities!" cried the indignant comrade. "Why I never mentioned the authorities."

"No," conceded the officer, "but you described them perfectly."

Fraternity man: "Do you know what virgins dream about?"

Sorority girl: "No."

Fraternity man: "I suspected as much."

Get Your Alcohol At The C & C

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the Owner is

a Personal

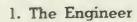
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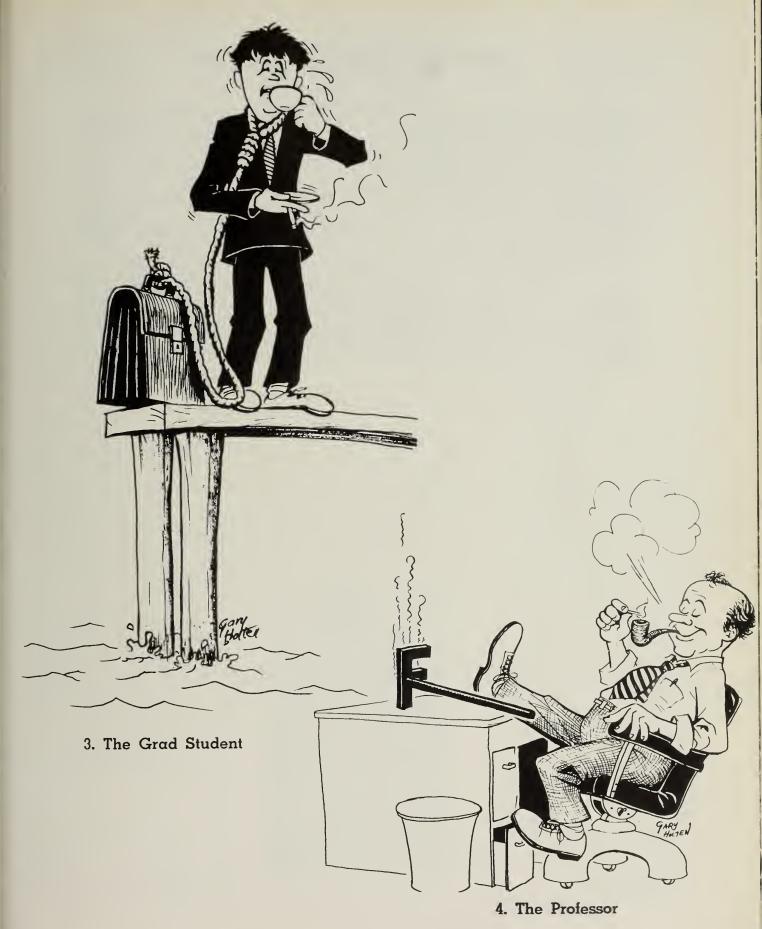
The Editor.

AFTER THE FINAL



2. The Fraternity Man





YAHOO VISITS THE STUDENT SENATE

(Minutes stolen by Ray Wilson from secret files of Archie Strong)



As a public service, the public spirited staff of Ya-Hoo has taken it upon itself to make public to the public these official minutes of a recent meeting of the Student Senate. (Has WMUA ever done anything as public-spirited as this?)

STUDENT SENATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS April 26, 1962

The meeting was called to order by President Tacelli at 7:30. Sweet Senator Betsy Robicheau said the prayer:

"God bless Mommy and Daddy and President Tacelli and everybody but Mr. Contino who's always screwing up the bands budget."

COMMITTEE REPORTS

Budget Committee

Chairman Brauer introduced the Yahoo budget. Senator Abdul Samma moved to delete \$200 from the budget. Senator Hench told the Senate that if the \$200 was deleted, Yahoo would print something nasty about them. Senator Samma ranted and raved that Yahoo would never dare print anything nasty about the Senate. The \$200 was deleted.

Services Committee

Chairman Cournoyer had no report. However, Senator Maskell rose and told Senator Cournoyer that he felt the Hatch's policy of charging seven cents for a sugar donut was ridiculous. He pointed out that plain donuts were only five cents and that there couldn't possibly be two cents worth of sugar on one donut.

Senator Cournoyer answered that he had discussed this very problem with the manager of the Hatch and that the



Senator Samma

seven cents was fair. He said that Senator Maskell was basing his claim on too little information. He explained that while the material price of the sugar on each donut was only ½ cent, the Hatch was having a man count each grain of sugar onto the donut to avoid wastage. The two cents was not only to cover the material cost of the sugar, but also the cost of labor.

Senator Cournoyer then suggested that Senator Maskell look into things a little more closely before making such rash statements.

Senator Donahue made a motion to censure Senator Maskell. Senator Mike Hench opposed the motion and spoke on the necessity of free speech in the Senate.

The motion was amended to censure both Senators Maskell and Hench. Motion passed.

Women's Affairs Committee

Chairwoman Anne Griffin reported that during recent months there has been a drop-off in the number of affairs on campus. However, Dean Helen, to promote incentive in this area, has arranged for Brooks Dormitory in the heart of the men's area to be given to the women.

Men's Affairs Committee

Chairman Bob Broggi reported a marked decrease in apathy in this area since Dean Helen made her generous gesture. He reported a new spirit in the men. All the rooms in Mills, Wheeler, and Dorm 'B' have already been filled and those in Baker are going fast. One person has even applied for a license to sell popcorn on the hill behind Brooks. Senator Broggi said he himself had planned to set up a telescope for ten cents a look, but after surveying the hill behind Brooks, he realized a telescope was unnecessary. The men now living in Brooks have even volunteered to wash their windows before moving out and into the surrounding dorms.

Public Relations Committee

Chairman Dennis Patenaude said everyone was looking forward to it.

Activities Committee

Chairman Abdul Samma smiled.

OLD BUSINESS

President Tacelli stepped down from his chair. As Vice President Achenbach declined to chair the meeting, Treasurer Robicheau stepped in. The council chambers we filled with sweetness.

S6,472 Moved that the Student Senate purchase a new gavel for the president. (by Tacelli)

Senator Achenbach opposed the motion. She claimed that President Tacelli didn't deserve a new gavel as he had lost the old one. Tacelli said his hand was getting sore from banging it on the bench. Senator Achenbach sympathized and suggested he bang the other hand. President Tacelli accepted the suggestion, withdrew his motion, and returned to the chair.

S5,940 (1958) Moved to object to President Mather's abolition of Spring Day. (by Knowlton) Motion was tabled until such a time as when a special Senate committee can



Senators Cournoyer, Patenaude and Donahue during ice cream cone break.

determine just what Spring Day was.

Sweet Senator Betsy Robicheau requested that the President adjourn the Senate for a few moments for an ice-cream cone break. President Tacelli presented her with a large carnation purchased for her by the Executive Committee because she's so sweet and then he granted the ice cream break. However, he asked the Senators to please eat their cones in the corridor as the janitor had been complaining about the sticky tables in the council chambers.

Senator Steve Gray asked President Tacelli if he could have a large cone rather than the small. The President reminded Gray that he had to watch his diet and denied permission. Senator Gray cried but accepted the small cone.

NEW BUSINESS

After the break, Senator Barry Jaye stated that it had been unfair to make



Sweet Senator Betsy Robicheau during ice cream cone break.

the Senators eat their ice cream in the corridors as this was not the cause of the sticky tables. He pointed out that the Senate's seating arrangement had the Senators facing each other and that short skirts are the latest style. The sticky tables, he said, were caused by drooling.

Sweet Senator Betsy Robicheau asked that it be recorded that she blushed.

Cold Senator Linda Achenbach then moved to purchase blinders for the male Senators. Her motion was seconded by Senator Richard Buck whose wife was watching. The motion was defeated as the female Senators voted against it in a bloc.

S6,473 Moved to censure Senator Jaye. (by Donahue) Senator Mike Hench opposed the motion and spoke on the necessity of free speech in the Senate.

The motion was amended to censure both Senators Jaye and Hench. Motion passed.

S6,474 Moved, re-moved, pass, double-pass, trump (?) . . . it has been brought to our attention that some Senators have not been paying attention.

This motion was amended, re-amended and amended again so many times that in the confusion the secretary had some difficulty recording the entire proceeding. However, at the final vote, it was somehow passed to censure the Student Senate.

Senator Steve Grey made a motion. Sweet Senator Betsy Robicheau screamed.

Motion was passed. S6,476 Moved to Fenway Park. (Tacelli)

The meeting was adjourned at 9:30 by President Tacelli who, banged down the wrong hand and left screaming in pain while two Senators tried to free Senator Hewey's tie from where it was sticking to the table.

Student Senate Secretary Mary Ann DuBoff Respectfully submitted.





While most of the University has been fooled into believing the building is a new physical education center by the Dean's clever dissembling, *Ya-Hoo* here exposes McGuirk's true purpose—a 3½ million dollar tomb to guarantee him immortality.

Laboring under grossest conditions of heat, sweat, and stolen equipment, progress on the tomb of Dean Warren McGuirk of the Physical Education Department, is now just beginning to to accelarate. The pyramid is to be the largest yet constructed; capable of housing six mummified basketball teams, as well as numerous intramural offerings—to be servants in the after-life. This mighty structure is to be built from an estimated three and one half million mammoth boulders; each carefully carved from the famous Taxation Quarry in this state.

The immense amount of construction for the task, which should be completed within the century, will be accomplished by forced work of students in the required physical education courses. These in turn will be supervised by football players and other commissioned athletes who will be under the direction of Physical Education majors.

Swimming courses are now even more compulsory, for with completion of the large moat due to accidental rupture by the excavators of a large sewer pipe, workers are compelled to swim to their positions. Sculpture for the tomb's adornment-in everlasting memory of our Dean-is being carved by seven imported pigmies, while a newly discovered poet, Stephen Curtis, is carving a pictorial sonnet of fifteen thousand lines on the corner stone. A capsule containing the holy scripture, the Hoyle Book of Games, several sacred pig's skins, and Mr. Curtis will also be entombed.

Large hordes of well used sweatsocks, supporters, and uniforms are being stored in a specially humidified cavern below the locker room, to be placed in the tomb—representative of the Dean's wealth and stature; this accounting for what seems a fondling of the more choicely perspired upon garments by the moist palmed collectors at the exchange windows. Fully airconditioned, and lead lined (lining donated by Synthesis-Yaf chapter of The Brother Hoods), the master deadroom will open into an underground haven containing a 40-foot Chris Craft to take the entombed from worldly bonds (debts, and scandals). The designer of the mazes employed in the structure has been slain by a rain of Lacrosse balls, that he may not devulge the master plans, while any worker in the Dean's chambers will have his athletes feet removed if the secret of its location is revealed.

On the day of his passing, the Dean will be taken to Goessmann where, in honor of the occasion, feuding Zoologists and Chemists will join peacefully in gift wrapping of their belabored Pharoah. Cloth for the wrappings will be made from devoted collectings of bandages and cotton swab handmade from locker room sweepings. The day will be marked by the wearing of loosely fitted gym suits by all who had worked for the Dean, while selfsacrificing students plan to keep all locker room windows at half mast on this day. The procession to the tomb will be lead by Chief Blasshole and his legions, each wearing a black supporter in mourning, followed by two ROTC tanks, drawing the imperial catafalque, draped with state and national flags. As a fitting tribute, all athletes and Physical Education majors who had directed construction will march with Dean Mc-Guirk's sarcophagus into the tomb, to be buried alive.

RUSSELL'S

naturally.

CANNED CASSEROLE

by RICHARD TOWERS

I

Once upon a time there lived a good man,

Noah, father of Shem, Japheth and Ham

To whom came the golden word of the Lord

That the world He created, He now abhorred,

"Make thee an ark out of gopher wood."

And Noah built an ark as best he could, And filled it with beasts from the air and the earth

Leaving for himself but a very small berth.

From all the animals that he did escort The Lord had told Noah, "Take two of each sort."

When finally from way up above
The Lord shed tears of merciful love
Noah and family got into the ark
And holy waters lifted that famous
bark.

For forty days and that many nights
The Lord performed His affluent rites.

Later the flood subsided and the
earth was dry.

And lo! The Lord's mighty bow appeared in the sky.

As a divine sign that never again would He

End the world by putting the earth under the sea.

And Noah and all his family went out And peopled the earth. Of that there is no doubt.

Else how can we explain our own breed

If not for Old Noah's fertile seed.

Just outside Houston there lives a good man,

Norman, father of Clem, Lynwood and Sam

To whom came echoes of the voice of the Lord

That the world He created, He now abhorred,

"Make thee an ark out of gopher wood,"

The voice told Norman, who misunderstood

And thought the Voice had said he should

"Ply his art as a gopher would."

The meaning of these words seemed to him

To be, at the very most, quite dim.

So Norman pondered long over the

Until something in his shallow brain stirred.

Then in his back yard he dug a huge hole.

Lined it with concrete and canned casserole.

For when the Lord let drop his hot flood from on high

Our Norman would be safe in his Hole of Supply.

But the hot flood still hasn't come from on high

And Norman's still waiting and watching the sky.

With a gun in his hands he's guarding the hole

That's stored with all that mmm—good, canned casserole.

The father and mother were distressed one day to learn that their seven-year-old son had been naughty with the little girl from next door. That evening they confronted him. "Johnny," said his father, "is it true that you've been doing these things?"

"Yes, father," the boy replied, "I cannot tell a lie."

Pleased with the boy's honesty the parents could not punish him and the mother rewarded his truthfulness with some cookies. Several days later, Johnny reported himself and his affair with neighbor, and again he was rewarded with cookies for his honesty. And soon there followed a confession a day from the lips of the honest child, each time with the reward of cookies. When Johnny confessed his tenth episode with the little girl, his father finally arose from his chair and started back to the kitchen.

"What are you going to do?" asked the mother.

"I'm going back here to fix some eggs," was the reply. "That boy can't keep that sort of thing up on cookies."

Comments From The Passive Observer ... and then there's the over worked young student who, with a smile on her lips, died peacefully in her sleep during Dr. Feldman's 8:00 Psychology class.

A certain History teacher, whose pen name we shan't mention, will soon publish a book entitled *Lumbering Through Modern History*.

ACADEMY AWARDS by dick clark

A few weeks ago the Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and What-have-yous held its annual presentation of the Academy Awards. For those of you who were lucky enough to miss this T.V. mistake, the Ya-Hoo has found it in its public-spirited mind to devote this space to a brief summary of all the hairy goings on. Hell, face it. We needed filler.

This year the Academy passed out 25 of the little awards, recently renamed "Jackies" for obvious reasons. Several new categories were introduced. Among the more notable were the categories of Worst Performance by a Performer, Male, Female, or Both, Best Lier (sic), and Best Preview.

Of course the highlights of the evening were the presentations to the Best Actor and Actress. The winner in the first category was Max-million Shellout, German philanthropist and part time bookie, for his great performance in Judgement at Machmer. It was a hard choice however. A couple of the other nominees were Frenchie Boyer, who reportedly committed hara-kiri by guillotine, and Alfred E. Newman, who was MAD about the whole bit.

The award for Best Actress went 'o Sofeela Borin, for her performance in the movie about her extra-marital affairs, Two Women. Two "also-rans" were Audrey Heartburn, who reportedly went on an eating binge after she lost, and Pratalie Good, Hollywood's little brat, who went about town spreading malicious rumors about Sofeela's nymphomania.

The Best Supporting Actor was George Upchukir, for his resounding and regurgitating performance in South End Story. Other failures were Montgomery Cleft, who gave a pallatable (sic) performance, and Jock E. Gleason, who gave a really strapping performance.

The Best Supporting Actress award was conned by Rita Morono, for her typically stupid performance in South End Story. Her only competition was from Judy Gargoyle for her come-back performance that didn't quite make it back.

Mung River, (a discourse on intercourse) copped the title of Best Song of the Year. The losers included Bachelor With a Pair o' Dice (the story of a Las Vegas rookie), and Pocketful of Miracles (a dean of women gets married).

The most coveted award is that given for the Best Movie of the Year. The winner was South End Story (a history of the Boston Redevelopment Commission). Contenders were Derrière (the story of what goes on behind the scene at the *Ya-Hoo* office), The Gums of Navarone (the story of an aspiring young dentist), and Judgment at Machmer (the tear-jerking story of three who refused to publish).

Getting to the new awards, the award for the Worst Performance by a Performer, Male, Female, or Both, went to a "Both" this time. Ernie Bilodeau was the winner, for his silent performance was so bad that it wasn't even released. It was for this reason that he was given the award under the award subtitle, Best Act of Humanitarianism.

The Award for the Best Lier (sic) is given to the nameless extras who portray the bodies in the various movies. One of the nameless nominees gave a particularly stiring performance, which is probably why he was disqualified.

The Best Preview Award went to the movie, "Hell Sid!" They didn't show anything in that preview, not a damned thing, which was great previewing,



". . . and we were just going to be married . . ."

once the movie was nothing, either.

The crowning touch was added to this, the perfect cure for insommacs, when the despised Wilson Award was given to the show for an outstandingly disgusting television production. Whereas Emmys are given for great television achievements, Wilsons are given to those shows which are particularly successful in nauseating the viewers.

Thus the 34th annual Academy Awards presentation came to a close. It ended on a sad note, however, when it was announced that the awards would again be presented next year. This may be your year, Billy Scott.

Come in and

gas

at

DAN'S GULF

YOCKS

The young man made a rather hasty purchase at a drug store and answered the druggist's knowing smile with a short glowing description of the date he had that night.

That evening the young man rang the bell and was invited into the girl's home and introduced to her parents. A general discussion of the weather and other equally important subjects was carried on for some time before the young man said, "It's about time for us to be getting started if we are going to church. Won't you come with us?" he asked the parents.

The girl's parents refused at first, but the young man was so insistent that they finally agreed and the four of them went to church together.

About halfway through the service the girl leaned over to the young man. "I didn't know you were so religious," she whispered. "No," the young man replied. "No, and I didn't know your old man was a druggist either."

One day two soldiers were arguing over a dead animal. One of them said it was a mule, and the other insisted it was a donkey. In a little while, an officer came by and they asked his opinion. He said curtly, "It's an ass; bury it!"

While they were digging a grave for the animal, a WAC came by. She asked, "What are you digging? A fox hole?" —to which they wryly answered, "No."

The Sunday gospel shouter was in great form. "Everything God made is perfect," he preached.

A hunchback rose from the rear of the auditorium: "What about me?"

"Why," said the preacher, "you're the most perfect hunchback I ever saw."

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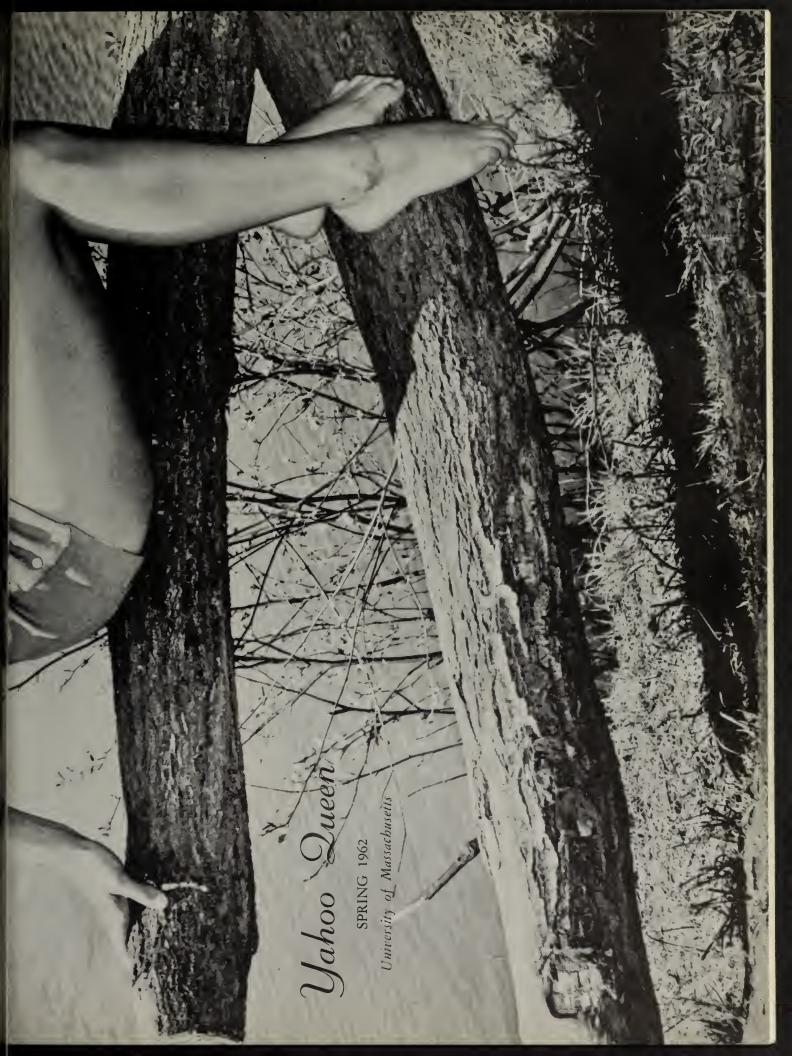
Queen

MISS CAROLYN YOUNG
OF
WEST SPRINGFIELD
CLASS OF
1963

Pictures by
Award-winning Photographer STAN PATZ







THE FLASHLIGHT ZONE



Air Force F-100 passes through time-warp.

Scramble Two, Easy

Michael M. Hench

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Captain Redy A. Fire ... hotshot pilot and Camel smoker

Captain Roy Tan hotshot pilot and Lucky smoker

Lieutenant Rock Eager pilot and cigar smoker

Lieutenant Tab Beaver pilot and cancer scare believer

Sergeant Zip Lebrun — crew chief and breather of fire

Airman Al Foulball crewman and marajuana smoker

Busty Hunka 45-19-36 and picture on the wall plus assorted Technicians, crewmen, spies, B-girls, and censors. (Cameras move in on the handsome head of Pound Sterling, my pen name, and move up for a closeup)

"Hello and welcome to "the Flashlight Zone" (I smile brilliantly and there is a lap dissolve to . . .)

HEADSUP AIR FORCE BASE IN BUMLUCK, TURKEY

(Pan and move in with lap dissolve to scramble shack. Fade to interior where a poker game is in progress. Five men

are seated around a table. Four of them are officers and one is an enlisted man, the enlisted man is speaking.)

Al: Geez, for a bunch of officers you guys sure play lousy poker. I'll raise twenty.

Redy: I'll see your twenty and kick you fifty. You can't come up with a powerhouse every time...besides I still think a Royal Flush beats six aces.

Roy: Damn straight, oops, heh, heh . . . I'll raise your thirty. No guts, no blue chips. And quit blowing that damn cigar smoke in my face Looootenant. I can't see the cards.

Eager: Gosh, I'm awful sorry about that, Cap. This hea's one of the best cigas made. Why Hell, we uster grab up bout seven of the best leaf this side a Arizona an' roll 'em up long. Shoot, this is a tailormade an' its three times better 'n them others. I'll put it out if ya like. I'll fold. (Move in on his cards showing four queens and an ace.)

Beaver: Boy, if you ride the saddle half as much as you talk, no wonder there's a population explosion. (the figure of a censor is seen lurking in a corner. He is taking notes and sharpening a pair of large shears. A bit of saliva is dribbling down the corner of his mouth.)

Al: Sure is quiet around here. We ain't had nothin' to do for the damned longest time. I get tired of winning all you guys' money.

Chorus: Shut-up.

Redy: Don't talk like that, Airman. We'll be swamped any minute with flying saucers or something. You are a Jonah. (Music reachs a creshcendo, lap dissolve to smoke and out of smoke walks Pound Sterling.)

Pound: Yes, this is just an inconsequential little poker game at a small air base in Bumluck, Turkey. It is a day like any other day...only the darkness of looming anticipation is creeping over the starred sunset. The men you have just seen are about to take a brief but shattering trip into the nether regions of..."The Flashlight Zone" (Fade after close-up of worried yet serious eyes)

-INSERT COMMERCIAL**-

(Pan of poker game with quiet drone of voices in background)

Blare of claxon as loud scramble horn is heard.

(Room is suddenly alive with action as

men scurry to their helmets and Airman Foulball scoops up all the money on the table. Lab dissolve to hangar; Sergeant Lebrun is seen with his head sticking out the air intake of a F-101 jet fighter.)

Roy: Come on Rock, Tab, Redy—let's climb aboard, this is a hot one. (The men scurry to their planes. The crewmen scurry all about too, but nothing much seems to happen.)

Redy: Come on, you guys, get those starter units hooked up.

Lebrun: Come on, you bunch of shiftless scalpeens, let's get hot and get these birds airborne.

Al: Geez Sarge, we would if you'd get out of the air-intake.

Lebrun: Oh.

(Fade to planes shooting down the runway and lifting off. Music takes an eerie quality as the stars zoom toward them. Close-up of the pilots in their polkadotted, striped, distinctive helmets.)

Roy: Easy Leader, this is Easy Make two. Vector to target is 340, or was it 430...043, hey Radar, what's our vector?

Voice: Hello Easy, your vector is ... er, ah, stand-by.

(Suddenly there is a misting dissolve and the four planes are buffeted as they enter a time warp)

Redy: Gee whiz, I think we entered a time warp.

Rock: Yea? How about that?

Tab: Look, down there. A city with a huge wall around it.

Roy: Yea, a walled city.

Redy: Let's go down and take a look. Easy flight, peel off, ready go. (An angle shot as the planes peel off.)

(Pan walled city. Shot shows army of thousands surrounding city and dissolve to a close-up of Helen of Troy in a bikini looking like a typical Air Force wife sunning herself on the wall)

Rock: Let's go down and fire a few rockets into it, just fo' the Hell of it. (A censor is seen lurking next to the horse)

Tab: Fire one, fire two...doors open ...oops... (the plane is seen spin-

ning down in flames as the pilot forgot to open the rocket pod before firing.)

Redy: Gee whiz, that was a tough break for young Tab. Rock Eager, it's your turn, and don't forget to open the pod doors.

Rock: Yes suh. (his plane rolls over and screams in on the horse. He fires, his doors are open, but his aim is a little off. The gates to the city go up in smoke.)

Roy: Not so good there, young troop. Look at that army storm through that gate. They must have been waitin' a long time to get in.

Redy: You know fellows, I think we just won the Trojan War.

Rock: No kiddin'? How about that? Roy: That's nice, Let's move on.

—INSERT COMMERCIAL—

(Dissolve to Headsup Air Force Base where the figure of Zip Lebrun is seen getting out of the cockpit of a F-101.)

Zip: Never could count on those damn officers. Had to go up and shoot down all thirty of those flying saucers by myself.

Al: Geez, I bet you get a medal for this, Sarge.

Zip: Just doing my job, son. Had to learn to fly real quick, but a man can do most anythin' when he needs to.

Al: You sure are the backbone of the Air Force, Sarge.

Zip: Yep. How much money did you get off of the table?

Al: Four-hundred seventy bucks.

Zip: Gimme.

Al: O.K. How long you think we can get away with ringing tha horn every time we get a good poker game goin'.

Zip: Long as there are officers, I reckon. Al: Geez, you're awful sharp, Sarge.

Zip: They don't call me Zip for nothing, son. (The noise of jets is heard and the two men run outside. Lap dissolve (3) to hanger, runway, and planes then back to the two men.

Al: Hey Sarge, who's that lovely blonde over there? (Pan to show typical Air

Force wife in bikini sunning herself on the roof of a radar shack.)

Zip! That's a typical air force wife.

Al: Oh;;;; ... Here come the boys.

Zip: Yea, there's only two of em. (switch to a shot of two planes landing out of an inverted wifferdill)

Al: Here they come, Sarge. Look, Redy is crying. It must have been a rough one. (Pan to the two captains, their heads lowered, shoulders slumped.)

Zip: Was it a rough one, sir?

Redy: Pretty rough. We went into one of those time warps. We fooled around between four-hundred B. C. and World War Two for about fifteen minutes then we got low fuel.

Zip: What happened to Lieutenants Eager and Beaver?

Roy: We lost Lieutenant Beaver in the Trojan war. I'd rather not talk about Lieutenant Eager. (He tosses his helmet. onto the couch and slumps into a chair.)

Redy: It was horrible. Roy, why did you shoot him down? He was doing such a great job. (Closeup of contorted face of Roy Tan.)

Roy: I'd rather not talk about it.

Al: Geez, Captain. You shot him down? What happened?

Roy: (tearfully) Well, on the way back from the Spanish American War we got lost over Belgium. Suddenly, we saw Rock peel off and go into a combat dive. He attacked out of the sun. It was a sight to see. He dove, fired and the planes fell from the sky like matchsticks. He shot down seven of them. What a pilot! (There is a glimmer of admiration in his eye.)

Zip: Seven; boy, that would have made him an ace.

Roy: They were British.

Zip: Oh.

Redy: It was just a simple mistake. He thought it was World War Two. The Japs had circles on their wings too.

Zip: Yea.

Redy: Don't take it so hard, Roy. You had to do it. (The two veteran fighter

(Continued next page)

pilots leave for debriefing. Pan to their dejected figures walking along the runway. A woman in a bikini is seen sleeping on the wings of an airplane. She is well tanned.)

Zip: Well, here comes the relief. (Four pilots are seen entering the scramble shack. The airman is seen shuffling a deck of cards. Zip Lebrun is seen painting a small American flag under the cockpit of Roy Tan's aircraft. The soulful strains of "Off We Go Into The Wild Blue Yonder" are heard. Misty dissolves to smoke. The figure of Pound Sterling emerges.)

Pound: You have just taken an intercept ride with men of the Air Force. The seat was filled with the

mysterious and the unusual, but the day dawned bright and clear through the gimlet eye of harried men doing a job which could often tend to take them inside the insecure, inviolable, timeless world of the "Flashlight Zone."

(Dissolve and move beyond me to the airy regions of the Universe. Stars are seen twinkling against a pitch black background, and a figure with a flashlight emerges. He is calling "Cloeee

Twinkle, twinkle little star What the Hell you think you are A flashlight . . . Mica, Mica, Parva stella Mirror quaenam sistam bella . . .

--END--

A girl of our acquaintance was shopping in her neighborhood market and found herself behind an austere dame at the meat counter. This member of the local elite requested with much dignity that the butcher make some suggestion for her dinner menu.

"Of course," said the butcher, "how about a nice ox tongue to be served with spinach?"

"What?" exclaimed the haughty one. "Do you have the nerve to suggest that I eat anything that has been in a cow's mouth?"

"Well, madam," came back the butcher "what did you have for breakfast this morning?"

"Eggs. Why?"



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SHELLEY



on Life Savers:

"So sweet, the

sense faints picturing them!"

from Ode to the West Wind, line 35



Mrs. Curtis got into a tiff with her maid and ended up by firing her. Once packed up and ready to leave, the maid decided to get a few things off her mind. "It might interest you to know," she said, "That your own husband thinks I'm a better cook and house-keeper than you are. He told me so himself."

Mrs. Curtis made no comment.

"Furthermore," continued the maid, "I'm better in bed than you are, too."

"And I suppose my husband told you that," snapped Mrs. Curtis.

"No," replied the maid, "the chauffeur did."

And then there was the dumb blonde who thought a redhead was a Russian toilet.

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A Special Report From YAHOO'S Secret Beacon Hill Correspondent

In keeping with recent fallout protection, and "traffic-stopping" campaigns, Massachusetts financial typhoons have been blowing up a storm, as well as Boston Commons, constructing new underground garages. Under the appropriate name of Foundation Co., Inc., a firm modeled after Ford Foundation, Inc. (and charity begins at home), these gentle contractors have been doing their share to aid the poor proleterian sub-contractors, while secretly undermining the bourgeois State House.

Using every modern convenience available, including the Graft Spade—a marvellous digging device that enables hundreds of workers to lean serenely on its support while their bosses get paid for the work not done—the Foundation has seen to it that the new garage will be completed in record time. This accomplishment will soon be permanently added to the long records already held by the firm and its controllers.

Aside from preventing traffic by trapping the pesty cause of that problem deep within the bowels of the earth (which can be quite a messy affair), the new garage also provides ample protection from modern, manmade holocausts (those damn things can land anywhere you know, and if you don't watch out they decapitate you). Other innovations are solid gold fog horns to guide lost parkers to the upper levels; an automatic checker and attendant, which unfortunately requires five 'round-the-clock guards to prevent cheating or vandalism, and a massivea massive-well we can't really find its function yet but it's sort of octahedronal? Anyway, it costs three million dollars so it must be too profound to understand.

It is of interest to the campus that the Foundation, to undermine capitalist food rationers, while aiding the proletarian student body, is bidding to build such a garage under the dining commons, however comment on the topic is being withheld until a slight investigation has been "staged". It seems the Foundation allegedly succumbed to the archaic weakness-Finder's Keeper's-to the tune of \$145,000. A self-sacrificing State Police Detective is being sent all the way to Fort Lauderdale to investigate the circumstances. If all is not well, the Foundation may just be laid—prostrate.

CREEPING IVY-LEAGUE-ISM AT AMERICAN COW COLLEGES

Part II of a series

Despite the increase in denim clothing on campus, the trend is still toward a desertion of our agrarian origins in an effort to duplicate the sophistication of the more prestigeous colleges. In an earlier article we pointed out how, since we have scorned the alumnus' stone jugs and cob pipes for elegant flasks and imported briars, the U. Mass. man is now pratically indistinguishable -save for the smell and the manners -from the Princeton undergraduate. Here is but another illustration of our pursuit of status-the Traditional College Song. While earlier generations of Mass. Aggie students used to gather in the dilapidated barns when the federal subsidy checks came in and sing shmaltzy songs like "Sons of Mass." and "When Twilight Shadows Deepen", they now gather in the dilapidated frat houses and sing things like this:

From the tables down at Barsi's To the place where Jean Paul dwelt,

To the dear old templed barns we love so well.

Sing the Aggies all assembled with their shovels lifted high,

And the magic of their slinging casts a smell.

Yes, the magic of their slinging of that stuff we know so well,

Cow dung and horse manure and the rest.

We shall fertilize this valley while life and crap remain,

And pass and be forgotten with the rest.

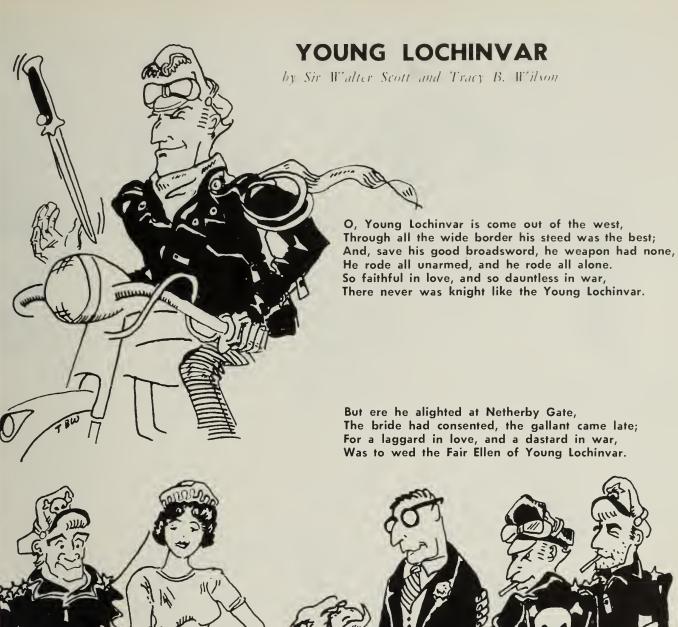
We're poor little lambs who have gone astray, Barf, barf, barf.

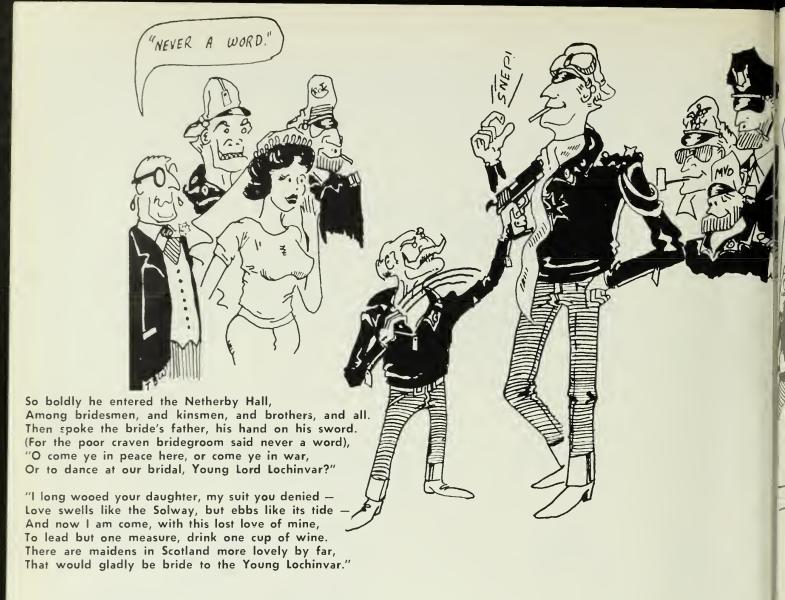
Gentleman farmers off on a spree . . .

Dung from here to eternity . . . Jean Paul have mercy on such as

we, Barf, barf, barf.

T.B.W.









The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up, He quaffed off the wine, and threw down the cup. She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sig With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye. He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar — "Now tread we a measure," said Young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face, That never a hall such a galliard did grace; While her mother did fret, and her father did fume And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and



There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee



UNIVERSITÉ MONOLITHIQUE

or-1984 And All That

An Over-long and Prophetic Short Novel

Winston Salem felt uncomfortable in the Hatch. But then he felt uncomfortable anywhere, as did all the thousands of UM students. He sneaked a suspicious glance over his coffee cup at the other students at his table. They were all suspiciously sneaking glances at each other. Suddenly made more uncomfortable, Winston concentrated on the greasy coffee in the greasy cup. It was Umie coffee, of course, made from coffee beans grown by UM. The same was true of the tobacco in his Umie cigarettes, for UM was entirely selfsupporting. The thought generated a desire, the conditioned reaction to which was to light a Umie cigarette. Winston complied, being careful to hold the tube horizontally so the dustlike tobacco wouldn't dribble into his coffee.

He finished his greasy coffee and stared momentarily at the picture of Big Daddy that smiled up at him from the bottom of the cup. It was the same picture that beamed immensely down on him from all four walls of the Hatch and whose fatherly smile he saw in the bottoms of all cups, and glasses, and ashtrays, and in the men's rooms in the . . . Big Daddy was the President of UM. Big Daddy had nursed and guarded UM. Big Daddy was UM.

Winston was jerked out of his reverie by the imperative rasp of the horns calling the UM students to the 2-minute hate session. He snubbed out his Umie cigarette on the face of Big Daddy, and allowed the maroon-jacketed sea to bear him out the doors of the Hatch and deposit him in one of the smaller conference rooms of the Student Union, the Stu-U in the abbreviated language of newtalk with which UM had replaced conventional English. Licking his lips in involuntary anticipation,

Winston sank into one of the chairs just as the TV screen forming one wall glowed and came to life. The first images were of the diabolic features of the President of UConn, UM's arch enemy. The thin cruel lips shouted quotations from Mein Kampf at the screen. Hitler had been a UConn graduate. Everyone at UM learned that in History 6. Sharply the picture shifted from President Moore-Mephistopheles Moore-to scenes of animalistic UConn fotball players brutally cudgeling people in maroon UM jackets. The President's reedy voice squeaked on, however, as the film changed to evilappearing men in UConn faculty uniforms violating UM coeds. One girl of the audience leaped to her feet and shouted obscenities at the screen while her friends looked on approvingly.

The wind outside the Stu-U was chill, and Winston turned up the collar of his UM jacket. The film clip had ended as they often did, with a shot of the UConn ROTC marching into the camera, their brutish faces scowling over their sub-machinegun muzzles. It was then that he had leaped to his feet, shouting commands to machine-gun them, to bayonet the wounded. Winston was a cadet sergeant, and he had felt the approving eyes of a lieutenant on him when he left the hate session. He might get a promotion, he thought. He must shout louder and slap his men harder on the drill field.

Perhaps he could cover up his inner doubts and thoughts by such overt actions. He shuddered as he thought of what would happen if Big Daddy should know what was really in his mind. He was already an intellectual traitor to UM, he mused as he absently noted the helicopters of the Kampol, the campus police, swooping

up and down the concrete and steel canyons, the black uniformed-police looking in windows. A glance at his watch made him quicken his steps. The dorm was locked promptly at 5:30 and anyone not inside was turned over to Deanoman. Winston Salem shuddered involuntarily and began to trot.

A faltering hand on his arm stopped the student, and he turned to an alley to face an incredible figure. A small, old man, extraordinarily dirty, with tangled dirty gray hair and beard, confronted Winston. One hand kept fluttering beseechingly on the maroon arm; the man's other ragged tweed

> Get Clipped

> > at

THE SCALP SHOP sleeve was empty and pinned up with what appeared to be a splinter of wood. "H... Help me," he begged. "Caught above ground. I'll be tortured... killed. Hide me...p... please..." The ancient stammered on, his terrified dark eyes nervously darring from side to side. A quandary! Winston knew he should summon the Kampol, but strange—he hesitated and then, on impulse, he threw his maroon UM jacket over the withered shoulders and siezed his hand.

"Come on," he said. "We gotta hurry." Once at the dorm he hid the old man under the front steps and took back his jacket. "Wait," he panted. "I'll be back!" And he dashed up the stairs to his room. He was breathing heavily when he let himself in, the twelve flights of stairs on top of the run from the Stu-U had left him quite out of breath. Slumping into a chair, Winston glanced suspiciously at his roommates—all eight of them—much as they were glancing suspiciously at him.

"Salem, Winston, 68000070, class of 84!" barked a harsh metallic voice, not unlike the klaxon at the Union.

"Yessir" snapped Winston, leaping to attention and facing the huge television screen that formed one wall of the room. Staring out of it at the student was an enormous eyeball. "A gray eye," thought Winston; "it's usually brown." This was the office of the Dean, which kept an eye on the students.

"You're out of breath. What is the matter?" the voice grated as the roommates looked assiduously away.

"I was late. I was afraid to be locked out, Sir," contritely. A noncommittal grunt from the wall. The eye blinked. "Very well." Winston slumped back into his chair only to leap up again as the horn summoned the students to supper in the dining hall in one of the dorm's sub-cellars.

As the students marched into the hall, Winston determined to secrete some food for the strange old man in

the hidden place under the stairs. They took their places and two men of the kitchen staff came into the room. As they passed down the ranks of seated students, one man thrust a tin funnel into each upturned mouth, and the other decanted some warm greasy stew into it. A third followed a few minutes behind with a similar bucket of watery and greasy Umie coffee. Supper over, the students all smoked Umie cigarettes in unison, and marched back to their rooms.

* * * *

The pencil maintained its steady pace over the paper, and Winston's eyes swept mechanically from side to side of his textbook but his mind ran over other subjects. It had rambled more and more lately, against Winston's will at first, but tonight it had special reason, and a special course. Stupid! Senseless! Why had he brought that derelect here? He should have denounced him immediately to the Kampol. It was the UM thing to do, and Big Daddy would have been pleased. But for some time now, Winston had known that he was just a little un-UM. He should have confessed this in one of the self-critique and denouncement sessions at Comchap—compulsory chapel—the Psych department would have helped him to find himself. Now it was too late. If he exposed the old man now, he would have to reveal what he, in a moment of rashness, had done.

Still he could stand up and tell Deanoman now. He glanced at the screen furtively, in time to see the eye, brown now, blink again slowly. Perhaps they already know; they must already know. Nothing escapes Deanoman or the Kampol. Thoughts chased themselves through his mind; he had first sat down with his back to the screen, only to be ordered to turn around so his face could be seen. They must know. He let his head sink down a little further, to wring a shred more privacy from the enormous eye that filled his wall. Why Why WHY had

he done that for the old derelict this afternoon?

188

be

Curiosity. That was it. He wasn't yet free from it after nearly five semesters. At first he thought he had exorcised it with his other vices, as had his fellow students. But apparently not. He wished a bit longingly that he had confessed it. He stood up, stiffened, and faced the screen. "Salem, Winston, 68000070, class 84, Sir," he addressed himself to the wall. His roommates threw him suspicious looks. Deanoman answered and Winston requested and received permission to go to the head. He was perspiring.

As soon as he obtained the key from a suspicious counselor, Winston fled down the stairs and flung the scraps of meat which he had been able to save from the stew to the huddled figure in the "room" hardly bigger than himself. He would return tomorrow, he said; there was a half hour between his Newtalk 51 and ROTC 268. A few minutes more and he entered the head, to be greeted by the metallic voice demanding," Salem, Winston, 68000070, class 84. What kept you?" Terrified, Winston managed to stammer that his shoelace had broken in the hall, and shuddered with relief when the eye flicked downward and saw that he did, in fact, have a broken and knotted shoelace. "Very well, Salem. You may sit down."

He sat.

It took a bare minimum of Winston's attention to transcribe the droning words of the professor to the blank pages in front of him. He was not even conscious of what was being said; that he could discover when he re-read the text. It took more of his concentration to keep his face an expressionless plane, masking any thoughts behind it, for original thought was not tolerated at UM. With most of his mind left free, Winston was able to reflect on the very situation that made such second-

nature defenses necessary for him. It was hard to imagine a UM where original thought, while not encouraged, was at least not actively discouraged, but the half-demented old man had said it was so.

He had been spending more and more time hunched under the stairs with the curious old guy, perhaps so much that his absences might have been missed. But the courses which the ancient's confused mind took were constantly amazing him. His first surprise had come when the old man had claimed to have been a professor at UM in the '60's. That may have been just a figment of his imagination too, though, for none of his tales of UM jibed with the school's official history. The man certainly did not have all his marbles, but the bemused wanderings of his mind must be based on some fact. Winston's initial curiosity had deepened into fascination.

Prof. Crane, for that was what he claimed to have been, said the first changes, really overt changes, in UM had come in the sixties . . . or late fifties . . . he wasn't sure. One winter the administration decreed that the first ten students caught in a snowball fight would be expelled. Then it was that they would be executed . . . that non-publishing faculty would be fired . . . then shot. After that the overt swallowing up of everything, personal and academic, by the Administration, had been rapid. The elimination of holidays, and ultimately most vacations, had followed the imprisonment of all extra-curricular activities by an organization Czar called ROS . . . or something like that . . . Again the imperious rasp of the klaxon horn swept Winston's personal thoughts away for a period, and he mechanically ceased filling in the blank pages of his looseleaf textbook and hurried to his next class, sixteen floors up in another wing of the same building. At least one benefit has come out of the whole damn thing, reflected Winston as he pounded up the stairs, was that, unlike in Prof. Crane's time, the lectures *never* exceeded the period. Not even the faculty, such as it was, could buck the system.

* * * *

It was even easier for the student to free his mind when he was on the drill field for ROTC. Close order marching required even less attention than lectures in UM history or Newtalk. Odd that at one time, according to Crane, only two years ROTC was mandatory. Like a mechanical toy Winston turned right. But more and more of the tattered derelict's babbling was becoming more and more believable; at least to Winston, whose mind, he always felt, had never quite fitted the mould as well as his fellow students'. The loss of liberties he had never enjoyed angered him as Crane's vague and uncertain voice rambled on, often in disjointed fragments of tremulous sentences. Mechanically he turned left.

"But didn't you ever fight? Didn't anybody ever *do* anything?" Winston had once exploded in a terse whisper.

"Anything?" the Professor replied.
"Yesss . . . yes . . . There was protest when they changed the textbooks . . . Not the first change, the one to loose leaf books—easier to change history with, you know—but the second, to blank pages. Contents to be dictated by the instructors. Was easier to keep up with the changes . . ."

"The students protested? How?" insisted Winston, perspiring under his heavy ROTC uniform.

"Students? Yes. Some did. Just didn't want to do the extra writing ... most were apathetic ... did nothing ... said nothing ... thought ... But we did something. Us! Us! The Faculty Senate! First time in its history ... Last, too, I think ..."

"What happened? What happened?" Winston, tensely.

"President sent the drill team with bayonetted rifles. Prorogued the Faculty Senate . . . that wasn't all; there were demonstrations, hangings in effigy. Street fights with the Campus Police." A queer light glittered now in the sunken gray eyes, and the scrubbily whiskered jaw tightened. "... Fight? Yes we fought then ... some of us" The withered shoulders had straightened beneath the shabby tweed, and Prof. Crane's one hand clenched into a bony fist as he moistened his lips with excitement.

"Yes; go on; go on!" whispered Winston, the heat and uniform forgotten.

The shoulders suddenly sagged; the fist loosened; "Boston sent troops . . . broke it all up." He touched his empty sleeve. "S'where I got this . . . bayonet, y'know." Again Winston pivoted sharply to the left.

He had heard of them of course, the network of tunnels, conduits and tubes lying like an ants' nest beneath the surface of UM. Built eons ago by President Master as a part of something called the Matherplan. That was one of the explanations. There were others, of course. He had felt them all to be rumor until the fantastic figure of the half-demented Professor told him of living, hiding, in them for years, coming to the surface only to forage for food. Even discounting a great deal of what the man had said, attributing it to the failure of parts of his mind, if even a fraction of what he had heard was true . . .

By a superhuman effort Winston forced himself to betray no emotion as the huge black car, its brakes screaming, stopped at the curb and four black-uniformed Kampol leaped out. They took no notice of Winston or anyone else, but immediately dashed into the door of the Chem building. Relief flooding through him, Winston Salem quickened his pace slightly. This had gone on too long. Nearly a month had the old man been hidden under the stairs. It was too dangerous; they might, must, already know. But now Winston thought he had a way out. He might still get away with a whole coat. The only chance lay in the Christmas vacation—the only one the Administration hadn't yet dared to abolish entirely-and in Julie.

Julie was a sophomore and, Winston supposed, his girl friend. His third and, of necessity, his last, for Deanoman's office allowed no more than two changes. But Julie was more compatible than her predecessors and, while they never talked of anything but the customary banal inanities and were never alone, Winston sensed profoundly that she privately shared his thoughts and, now, his doubts. It was indeed a long gamble, taking her into his confidence, and it must be carefully done, but he had never felt more strongly in his life that someone could be trusted.

UM nearly emptied for the Christmas holidays — both of them — and Julie's parents, who lived in Pelham, would be on campus with the car to pick up Winston and her. They could whisk Professor Crane into the car and be away in a matter of minutes, if all went well.

Although small, only 5'3", Julie was quite well proportioned and wore her blue co-ed's uniform very well. On her, even the Anti-Social League's metal chastity belt — bearing the enameled portrait of the long-dead Dean of Women who had instituted it—looked good. That called up more un-UM thoughts in Winston's mind, but . . . to hell with 'em. He would tell her at the mammoth co-rec sports night tonight. There was no place like a crowd for being alone.

Winston glanced at his watch and gagged at the foul odor from the garbage cans piled about him. In the half-light that filtered through the cracks and around the ill-fitting door of the shed he could see Professor Crane gorging himself on the plenty that fortune had suddenly bestowed upon him. The Amherst garbage men had just left the buckets, and the men from the dining halls would not come for them for another hour and a half. Julie should be there with the car in a few minutes. Again Winston

glanced at his watch and wished for even the comfort of a Umie cigarette. Out of the question. Out of the question, of course. Again the watch. His palms were sweating outrageously despite the December cold; he wiped them on his jacket, and was starting to look at his watch when the sound of the motor brought him up short. The car door slammed; he tensed as the shed door was pushed open.

Julie stood in the uneven rectangle of light, her hand extended as Winston took the Professor by the arm and got hurriedly to his feet.

"That's him," she said triumphantly, "the one in the maroon jacket." At once her image was blotted out by that of two Kampol officers, shouldering past her through the door. As the ham-like fist of the first man spun Winston off his feet, he caught a fleeting glimpse of the second judo chopping the old man down as more police filled the room. Then he was unconscious.

TRUE STORIES OF THE MONTH:

A fellow we know who was spendin time in England walked up to a Briton in a London bus station and asked, "Could you tell me where Piccadilly Circus is?"

The Englishman replied, "Yes, I could," and calmly stepped onto his departing bus.

Ogden Nash, during his visit here, along with several students from the Distinguished Visitors Program, dined at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Sterling Surrey (Draper High). The course of the before-dinner conversation somehow turned upon the recent pacifist demonstrations in England.

A few moments later when everyone was seated around the dinner table, Mrs. Surrey asked her guest of honor if he preferred his meat rare or well done.

"Better red than dead," answered Mr. Nash.

Everything for The College Man



House of Walsh

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UNITEDSTATES

Fruit Company

The big stick in the Caribbean Established too long









